

Sunday January 28, 1945

Dearest Jean – My Wife

Got a couple hours to kill in St. Louis. Train a little late, but nevertheless, here with ample time.

Last night, I made the 11:30 train alright. As usual, the soldier had the preference over the civilians. We go on first.

The train was crowded. It usually is around here. A lot of G.I. seem to hit this spot in traveling east or west.

Met a fellow who sate with me to St. Louis. We prattled like a couple old hens. We talked about his kids, and then we talked about mine, hem! I guess I told him what I thought mine would be like 10 years from now.

Then it wound up about business. He was the owner of a few stores about – shoe stores no less. I let him blab for a bout 2 hours on the shoe business. Then I told him that was

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my racket.

We shook hands again.

Then me, with my pipe in my mouth prattled – shoes.

That's the way the trip wound up. Crowded and lots of company.

So far, I've met all schedules. The trouble now is, I would like to make better time, but I'm afraid that's out. Sooooo, that's that.

Oh, sure, I'm here at the U.S.O. Just polished off a few sandwiches, some cake and donuts and coffee.

I guess that winds up my session so far.

I guess when my sessions are wound up, my love affair beings, and that is with a –

I love you! More than anything.

So, until the next letter, honey, goodnight, my sweetheart and pleasant dreams.

Your affectionate husband

Leo

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P.S. Say hello to Mamie and Ann and the rest

P.S. I love you.

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Wed.
Jan. 31, 1945

Dearest Jean

Here I am at San Francisco. Haven't seen much of the place yet, but it sure looks busy.

I thought I could get here in time, but things happen that can't be helped. I will get there about 6 P.M. That's about the time I thought I would.

But then, being a little late doesn't worry me too much, especially since nearly all of the sailors and soldiers that came up on the train are late too. The soldiers are heading forward too.

I'm with some kid from Ohio now who is 3 days late. Same un.

Well, so far things are fine. Had a nice long train ride, and saw a little of the surrounding country. Looks pretty good. After leaving the train, we took a ferry boat ride to the Southern Pacific station and from there we picked up a ride from a Navy transport bus

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which took us to where I am now.

And now I have to wait for a train, which will take us to Monterey. We could get the 1 P.M. train but that won't get us there any faster than the 4 P.M. train, which we plan to take. So, we fool around here for a while and maybe see a little of the city.

But then after seeing a lot of the berg – I don't see much of anything that isn't the same as any large city.

Well Jean I'm sorta out of breath. Not exertion – just that my little brain is preoccupied and I just can't think of anything to write about.

I just happened to think that if Jean makes San Francisco in 2 hours and at a cost of maybe a couple bucks or so, I might be able to get here more often and all Bert and you tell Meil that if she comes out here, she can expect a weekend guest once in a while.

That's all honey. Good night and pleasant dreams from the guy who loves you a great deal.

I do love you. Say helot to Mamie and the rest.

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Your husband
Leo

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